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## Horticultural.

For the Michigan Farmer.  
"APPLES THAT ARE GOOD TO EAT."  
BY R. J. BLACK.

The article under this title, which appeared in the FARMER some time ago, is both interesting and profitable, and has had a wide circulation. With the great advancement of fruit culture, and the consequent refined taste among pomologists and the public, this class of fruits referred to has come into urgent demand. Tastes certainly differ, and to suit these different tastes there must be variety, but with this variety there must also be more than the usual excellence in quality; and for lack of it being neither good bearing or of any other desirable characteristic will make amends.

That the list of the FARMER is a very good one for the north will not admit of a doubt, but south of Columbus and Indianapolis many of the varieties included would bring only disappointment to the planter. For this section of country three divisions of the list may be made: 1st. Varieties to be rejected. 2d. The varieties which succeed here and are worthy of attention; and 3d., the choice ones of division 2d.

To these might be added a fourth, to include a few varieties of unusual excellence, which though tried over a considerable extent of country are not generally known, and not included above. 1st. The rejected varieties: American Summer Pearmain, Dyer, Newtown Spitzberg, Fall Pippin, Melon, Hubbardston Nonsuch, Gravenstein, Northern Spy, Pomme Grise, Esopus Spitzenberg, Wagoner and Swaar. Some of these would be retained if their places were not supplied with something better, so that their rejection is only comparative; others, like Newtown Spitzberg, are entirely unworthy. Division 3 will also contain Division 3, the latter being designated by an asterisk before the names. Early Harvest, Carolina Red June, "Summer Rose," "Primrose," "Early Joe," "Garden Royal" (worthy of two stars), Mexico, Hawley, Jeffries, Jersey Sweet, Sweet Royal, "Belmont and Red Canada."

Division 4th. Includes Fanny, "Richard's Graft," "Fall Wine," "Mote's Sweet," "Rambo," "Celestia," "Evening Star," "Sparks," "Broadwell Sweet," and "Stuart's Golden." Fanny is from Eastern Pennsylvania; high colored, good size and fine; medium. Richard's Graft is from S. E. New York, beautiful red and pale yellow, and a good bearer; September. Fall Wine was introduced by the Ohio Fruit Convention many years ago, and supposed to be an old eastern variety under a new name, but it has never been identified with any other sort. It is very fine on good, fertile soils; but on their land will be knotty. Mote's Sweet is one of the most tender and delicious sweet apples known. Above medium in size, clear whitish yellow, very smooth and fair; ripe in September. Tree very stocky, with dull, yellowish bark, the shoots resembling those of a Bartlett pear in color; a good bearer. Celestia has been rightly named by Dr. Warder, for it has scarcely an equal among apples. Good judges place it above Fall Pippin, which has so long been the standard of excellence, but for a number of years past has been rendered almost worthless by "twig blight." With Celestia more than filling its place, the failure of this old time favorite need cause but slight regret. The tree of Celestia is a good healthy grower, and an early and abundant bearer, and the size of the fruit, in good situations, is scarcely below that of Fall Pippin. It is ripe and in fine eating condition in October, and keeps without the slightest trouble until after Christmas. In the North it will without doubt add to its other excellent qualities, that of keeping all winter. Both this and Mote's Sweet were originated by Dr. L. S. Mote, in Southwest Ohio.

Evening Party is of Pennsylvania origin, a beautiful, tender and very pleasant early and mid-winter apple. Tree a good grower and bearer. Sparks is probably from Mississippi, a superior fruit, keeping until February 1st. A good healthy grower, with many rather slender shoots, and a great bearer of very fair, oblong apples of good size. Stuart's Golden is the best of all the long keepers, indispensable to every list of fine varieties, coming into use about the 1st of February and continuing until the middle of May. Size medium; yellow, frequently with a blush, very smooth and fair, with a very small core. As to quality it is a question with many whether it is surpassed by any apple of any season. It is certainly not equalled by any of its own season. In market it is less attractive than many others, but those who buy it once are sure to ask for it again, and readily pay more than the regular price for it. Tree a fine, healthy, spreading grower, with clear, brownish, very tough shoots, and a most profuse bearer; originated in Central Ohio. For a sweet apple, keeping until April, nothing equals Broadwell. It is a great bearer; fruit of good size, very smooth; tender, sweet and fine.

BREMER, Fairfield Co., Ohio.

## SUMMER INDOORS.

On one of the coldest days of the season we visited the greenhouses of S. Taplin, corner of Fort and Twenty-Third streets. Here, though the thermometer was below zero outside, the air was of summer heat, and in the abundance of foliage and flowers one specially became oblivious of the winter without. Owing to the dull and sunless weather of the past month, which has greatly retarded blooming, and also to the excessive demand for flowers during the holidays, as well as for the numerous weddings at which the floral decorations have been choice and lavish, over a hundred Camellias being used at one alone) the display of bloom was not as large as usual.

The brilliant Poinsettias, massed in numbers upon the stands, seemed like very flames, so vivid their coloring; the real flowers, though curious in their structure, are small and insignificant, while there is

no more intense and velvety red than is afforded by the numerous and conspicuous bracts. Several specimens of *Anthurium Scherzerianum* were noticed; the Azaleas, having done service all the early winter, were just going out of bloom; while Roman Hyacinths were furnishing an abundance of purest white. Mr. Taplin speaks in terms of high praise of this flower, on account of its generous habit of flowering and the persistence of its blossoms. It can also be forced into bloom for Christmas, while it is difficult to get other varieties sufficiently forward to depend upon at that season. The Narcissus generously dispensed its fragrance by the side of the Tuberous Begonias, which seem likely to usurp the place formerly accorded to the old variety, on account of the more showy character of the flowers. Camellias were coming forward abundantly, and several already unfolded were models of purity of color and perfection of shape. The "big Heliotrope" was covered with buds, and the famous Noisette rose—the Marechal Niel—which has been previously described in these columns, is being reserved for Easter blooming.

One of the most noticeable plants in bloom was *Eucharis Amazonica*, whose large, showy, single flower is of the purest white, the cup alone being slightly tinged with the palest green. The *Eucharis* is a very free bloomer, one good sized specimen having blossomed twice within the past three months, sending up the first time nine and the second seven flower stems, each affording three or four flowers. No other description can do justice to this beautiful flower; it must be seen to be appreciated.

A number of Orchids are to be seen here, only three or four of which were in blossom at the time of our visit. The East Indian *Cypripedium*, or Ladies' Slipper, the inflorescence of which much resembles that of the wild variety of our meadows, though larger, richer, but less showy in coloring, and more abundant in bloom, was in full vigor. Here, too, was *Zygopetalum insignis*, a very interesting member of the Orchidaceae, from the long, cucumber-shaped pseudo-bulbs of which rise long slender stalks, supporting several of the curiously shaped flowers for which this order is remarkable. The lip is pure white, thickly mottled with violet-purple, the sepals and remaining petals are a pale green, thickly spotted with rich, velvety, red-brown. The column is covered with perpendicular, hair-like stripes, and much resembles an open, upturned mouth.

There was also in bloom the Orchid known as the "Dove Plant," or "Holy Spirit Plant," (*Peristeria elata*), a Central American species, taking its common name from the resemblance of the form of the column to a delicate little bird with outstretched wings. The floral envelope of this flower, in place of assuming the grotesque form characteristic of the Orchid family, is remarkably regular, forming an almost spherical case of alabaster whiteness and semi-transparency, enclosing the column. It requires little or no aid of the imagination to trace the shape of the dove, as artists usually represent it when emblematic of Divinity; and it is no marvel that the plant should appear, to the superstitious Spanish Americans, to have a supernatural significance, and to be worthy of veneration. The pseudo-bulb is very large; the leaves, which are strongly ribbed, are about two feet in length, while the flower stem is at least five feet long, bearing at its summit a cluster of flowers, which have a very peculiar and penetrating fragrance, which is very distinct from the odor of any other blossom.

## FLORICULTURAL.

A correspondent of the London *Farmer* writes in terms of highest praise of the Everlasting *Pea*, *Lathyrus latifolius*, calling it an extremely beautiful plant, and remarking that its old British name was "Great wild tree," or "Cichling." Everlasting *Pea* derive their name, not from many flowers do, from the fact that the blossoms are permanent, or "everlasting," but from the fact that the plants are perennial, and when once established will continue to flourish indefinitely, being a plant of deciduous climbers. Once a plant of this variety has got a hold upon the soil, it will live and grow for a remarkable length of time. As an instance of this, an Everlasting *Pea* was planted at the base of a horse chestnut tree, the bole of which it was designed to clothe. This was done many years ago. The tree is now twenty feet in height, and being upon a lawn, the branches are about the same distance through, sweeping to the ground about. The tree has, besides, by the action of its roots formed quite an elevation or mound immediately around its bole. Yet, as if indifferent of extreme aridity, of what must be the vice-like pressure of the roots, and the deep, dense shade of summer, this same plant pushes forth, grows, and sends forth its spikes of bloom regularly as the season comes round. The blossoms are of a beautiful pink, and are excellent for decorative purposes. *L. grandiflorus* is perhaps more showy; its blossoms being larger, though less numerous and more generally distributed among more abundant foliage. The *Farmer* suggests that the common white *Pea*, *L. lilium candum*, be planted with this variety of the *Pea*, and that while the lilies would bloom early the *Lathyrus* would succeed and the lily stalks form a support for the vines. Seeds may be started early, and by hardening them off, be planted out the last of May, thus giving flowers the first year.

Those familiar with seedsmen's and florists' catalogues will perhaps have noticed a variety, unnamed plant named *Asperula aurea setosa*, and described in the list of hardy annuals. It is called "Woodroof" in England, and though nothing certain is known as to the origin of the name, fancy suggests that its habit of growing freely beneath the branches of trees may have given rise to the thought that it needs wood for a roof, and hence the name Woodroof. Some poets have said of a native variety:

"The Woodroof lifts its fragrant crown,  
Of star-like blossoms, pure as snow,  
With fringe of delicate leaves below."

The *Asperula*—*A. aurea setosa*—is blue,

or lavender flowered, and is a native of the Caucasus Mountains. Its habit is dwarf and spreading; it grows less than a foot in height, flowers freely, and adds to its beauty that of being sweet-scented. Vick says that for making up in small bouquets the *Asperula* is all that can be desired.

The *Lantana* makes very desirable window plants, and those who are tired of trying to keep the *Verbena* in good condition through the winter should give the *Lantana* a trial. Both belong to the same family, and both are subject to the mildew or to the attacks of insects as is the *Verbena*, while the flowers are quite as desirable, being very bright and varied, the fine shades of yellow and orange making up for the lack of blue and purple bloom. The plants are always neat; though the natural habit of growth is straggling, they can be kept in any desired form. They may be pegged down, trained fan-shaped against a wall, or made into a bare-stemmed, round-topped tree of bloom. They like full sun and a rich soil. They will be gloriously beautiful until September, when it is necessary to shorten them in and re-pot for winter service, or they will keep in a cellar in which the temperature is not lower than 40 degrees. Cuttings are easily rooted in August and September, and will begin to flower in the spring.

## TROPICAL VEGETATION.

From "The Naturalist in the River Amazon," a narrative of travels and explorations in the tropical regions of South America, by H. W. Bates, we take these descriptions of the trees and plants to be found in a Brazilian forest:

Vegetation near the River Tocantins consisted almost entirely of a species of palm, the gigantic fan-leaved *Mauritia flexuosa*, which had huge cylindrical smooth stems, three feet in diameter, and about a hundred feet high. The tops were formed of enormous clusters of fan-shaped leaves, the stalks alone of which measured seven to ten feet in length. Nothing could be more imposing than this grove of palms. There was no underwood to obstruct the view of the long perspective of towering columns. The crowns, which were densely packed together at an immense height overhead, shut out the rays of the sun; and the gloomy solitude beneath, through which the sound of our voices seemed to reverberate, could be compared to nothing else so well as a solemn temple. There were a small number of a second variety of palm, the equally remarkable *Ubutu*, or *Manicaria saccifera*, which has erect, uncut leaves, twenty-five feet long, and six wide, all arranged around the top of a four feet high stem, so as to form a figure not unlike that of a colonial shuttlecock. The fruits of the two palms were scattered over the ground; those of the *Ubutu* adhere together by twos and threes, and have a rough brown shell; the fruit of the *Mauritia*, on the contrary, is of a bright red hue, and the skin is impressed with deep crossing lines, which give it a resemblance to a quilted cricket-ball.

The *Pashuba* palm, which grows in abundance near Caripi, is not one of the tallest varieties, for when well grown its height is not more, perhaps, than forty feet, the leaves are somewhat less drooping, and the leaflets much broader than those of the *Ubutu* adhere together by twos and threes, and have a rough brown shell; the fruit of the *Mauritia*, on the contrary, is of a bright red hue, and the skin is impressed with deep crossing lines, which give it a resemblance to a quilted cricket-ball. The *Pashuba* palm, which grows in abundance near Caripi, is not one of the tallest varieties, for when well grown its height is not more, perhaps, than forty feet, the leaves are somewhat less drooping, and the leaflets much broader than those of the *Ubutu* adhere together by twos and threes, and have a rough brown shell; the fruit of the *Mauritia*, on the contrary, is of a bright red hue, and the skin is impressed with deep crossing lines, which give it a resemblance to a quilted cricket-ball.

At a late meeting of the Cincinnati Horticultural Society, G. W. Thornbridge stated that the only commercial fertilizer that can be profitably used on vines is ground bone. The phosphoric acid of the bone is needed by the vines. Bones can be used in large quantities without fear of injury.

To prevent the ravages of rabbits in the orchard Parry's *Rabbit Repellent* recommends tarred paper or felt, which it says when wound once round the body of the tree, is an effective barrier. Another plan is to wind the tree with heavy paper and daub over this paper with gas tar. Whitewash and carbolic acid—a good deal of acid to a pint of whitewash—is also good, and beneficial to the tree. Should be applied pretty thick.

An enormous increase in the evaporated fruit business is taking place in Western New York, the recent legal decision that there is no monopoly of the process of bleaching having had a stimulating effect on the industry. A single New York firm last year evaporated 20,000 bushels, and bought fruit evaporated by others equivalent to 300,000 bushels. Of this a London house took 100 tons, and has doubled its order. The growers throughout New York State are preparing to develop the foreign market for this product.

At the regular meeting of the Western New York Farmers' Club, a Kansas fruit grower said that the winters there are mild, and fruit trees bud and blossom early, and are sometimes killed by spring frosts. He saved his trees from frost in this manner: The brush and weeds of his orchard, when the weather indicated a sudden lowering of the temperature, he drew out a load or two of damp straw, scattered it over the brush and made a pile through the orchard. At midnight he would set fire to this, and the smoke provided an efficient prevention to the deposit of frost.

An experiment has recently been made to determine how much influence the natural varnish upon the skin of apples has upon their preservation. The waxy covering was removed from a number of specimens by gently rubbing them with a mixture of alcohol and ether; then washing them with a very diluted potash-lye, and finally with water. Apples thus treated lost five per cent more of their weight by evaporation in a given time than fruit left in its natural condition, and similarly stored. Therefore the natural skin of an apple is to be regarded as the best protection against decay. Mons. Sorauer, who conducted these experiments, found that apples whose waxy coating was unharmed did not decay for a long time after he had smeared them with mould, although left in a damp and warm place.

## Grape Culture.

A paper on "Grape Culture," prepared by R. C. Tate, was read at the last meeting of the Berrien County Horticultural Society. Mr. Tate is President of the Society and much interested in the growing of grapes, having a number of new varieties, which he is testing with a view of ascertaining their merits. Mr. Tate advises thorough plowing of the ground the year before planting, dividing in lands ten feet wide. Harrow thoroughly in the spring, and stake in the centre of the ridges. In planting dig holes on south side of stakes in such form that the side towards the stake shall be shaped like a section of a cone with slant of 45 degrees. The vine, which should be a year old cut-

ting, should be pruned in the cellar or cool place, with least possible exposure, and at once thrown into a tub of water. But one cane 6 or 8 inches should be left on the vine, and all broken roots removed. In planting, place the top of the vine close to the stake, three inches above the surface of the ground, spread the roots carefully and pack over them an inch of earth, then throw in a shovel-full of well rotted compost or a hand full of bone meal, and fill the hole nearly full of dirt, packing. Let but one cane grow the first year, rubbing off all others. Keep this one well up to encourage flow of sap. Late in October cut the cane back to ten inches and plow again, throwing the dirt up to the vines and covering with coarse manure for two or three feet around them. Early in May of the second year spread the processes of the year before, plowing less deeply. Let two canes grow from uppermost eyes of the old cane grow, and tie up as before, rubbing off all branches, and in the fall cutting the canes to five or six feet. The trellis is not to be built till the third year. Two wires are required, each alternate cane being trained on the upper wire, the others upon the lower. Mr. Tate disappears of summer pruning, unless for Hartford and Diana, believing that Concord and Catawba are injured by it.

The London (Eng.) *Garden* says that the division of apples into cooking and eating sorts really covers a fallacy. The best eating apple is generally the best cooking apple, and when a thing is good without the cook, why do without the cook. But when one wishes for cooked apples there is no need to take sour ones and then bathe them in sugar, if we can find a fruit in which the good qualities are so gently mixed, so to say, that sugar or other artificial mixture need not be added to make a delicious dish. The true cooking apple is one that will do this; the best being one that will grow its own sugar and its own delicate flavor.

W. B. WEST, of San Joaquin county, California, has sold, this year, 300 tons of grapes, produced on 28 acres of land, which is over 10 tons to the acre. The two sorts comprised in the sale were the Mission and the Black Prince. It is understood that the average price brought was \$27 a ton.

MARECHAL NIEL rosebush sold for \$1 apiece in Detroit on Christmas Eve, and the supply, even at these prices, did not equal the demand. On New Year's Day the demand was so great and the supply so light that the price advanced to \$1.50.

## Horticultural Notes.

A NEW YORK man claims to have discovered that a few drops of kerosene upon the ground around, but not upon, peach trees is a sure cure for the peach borer. Kerosene is getting a reputation for being a panacea for all the ills flesh, field, and farm are heirs to.

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## Apiarian.

### Fertilization in Confinement.

A year or two ago the above topic was somewhat prominent in the publications in the interest of bee-keeping. I presume that the silence of the present time arises from the fact that the writers have nothing favorable to report.

When the matter was first brought to the notice of the public, I was among the doubters; but within a year or two I became a convert to the doctrine that queens might be impregnated certainly, safely and economically, on a plan similar to that reported by Prof. Hasbrouck. I expected that I would be able during the present summer to rear queens from some of my very fine Italian colonies, and to have them mated with selected drones from others, and that I would have a lot of bees a little ahead of any in the country. But, alas for human expectations! my queens and drones would have their own way, or they would have no way at all.

I made a box 10x10x12 inches. In the center of the tight-fitting cover I made a hole three inches in diameter, and covered it by a glass on the under side extending beyond the edge of the hole all around. When my young queens were three or four days old I caught and caged them, leaving them among the bees until the sixth day. Then, a little after noon I put the cage and queen into my fertilizing box and opened the cage so that the queen could come out at her leisure; then caught a drone and put him in. It was easy to get the queen and the drone to fly at the same time, and to fly in close proximity to each other; they would even jump against each other. But for any practical purpose, one might just as well have been in Greenland and the other at Cape Horn. One sole purpose seemed to possess them, and that was to get out of there. Day after day I experimented with one drone at a time, and with half a dozen, but always with the same result. I lost several young queens in the course of my experiments, and did not get one fertilized on the improved plan. In one case I made a cage the size of a frame, only shorter, and closed up the spaces between the frames so that the bees could not get up into the cap or upper story. I opened the cage above so that the queen could go about, and put in a few fine drones, covering the upper story with a board having a window in it. In a little while the queen came out, and she and the drones flew nicely, but they utterly ignored the purpose for which they were put there. The conditions were the most favorable that I can conceive, and yet every effort was a failure, and my opinion is that those who think they have had queens fertilized in confinement have drawn upon their imagination for facts. My bees will not mate in confinement and they seem to be just like other bees.

I very deeply regret the failure; I intended, if I could have succeeded, to settle beyond dispute, one way or the other, the question whether the drone a queen mated with has any influence upon her drone progeny.—Rev. M. Mahin.

### Care of Bees in Winter.

A correspondent of the *American Cultivator* says that it is not the storm and cold alone that works injury to the bees, but that also the fine, pleasant weather has its dangers during the winter. A warm sun induces the bees to fly out, even in winter, and when a few feet from the hive the workers frequently become chilled and finally die. Experience shows that if proper protection is not to be provided, the hives had better be set in the coldest possible exposure, while setting them on the south side of a building, or tight fence, or against a wind-break of trees and shrubbery, is a ruinous practice. The plan of setting hives in a bee-house, opened to the southeast, is objectionable, unless the bees are shaded from the alluring warmth of the sunshine in cold weather. The person who keeps his bees in hives, along on a simple bench, provided with an old carpet for







...ies, currants, plums,  
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in 1880 is reported  
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## SUMMARY.

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Most of the pieces were found under the roots  
of a fallen tree. The metal is very pure, and it  
is thought that there is more in the vicinity.

The receipts of fire insurance premiums on  
property insured in this city for the year  
1880 were over \$2,000,000, and the losses re-  
ported by Chief Engineer Battle's record for  
that period were only \$55,194, or a  
little over 3 per cent of the premiums. This  
looks as though the companies might make a  
reduction in rates of fire insurance premiums.

At Climax, John Reticall drew from his  
single team 119% bushels of wheat from his  
place to the depot last week Tuesday. The  
load was drawn on a common wagon, and he  
thinks he could have drawn as much more  
if the wagon would have borne it. No men-  
tion is made of how the horses would stand  
it.

The firm of M. Jacobson & Co., the well-  
known Lowell clothing store, closed their doors  
last night at 11 o'clock, principally in New  
York and Chicago. Their assets consist of a  
stock of \$15,000 at Lowell and \$5,000 at Grand  
Ledge. They have been doing an enormous  
cash business for the last three months and  
do not attempt to account for the proceeds.

Two men named Hayes and Crippen were  
arrested at Lapeer last week, charged  
with having swindled an old man named Brit-  
ton out of his farm. The sharpers are sup-  
posed to have taken advantage of some occa-  
sion on which Britton was somewhat under  
the influence of liquor to effect the transfer.  
Upon being arrested they concluded to re-  
cover the property.

Benton Harbor Palladium: H. F. White  
came near losing his team by drawing a  
stick swamp. The snow had drifted over a  
hole, about 11 feet deep from which much  
had been taken, and in driving near it one horse  
slipped in, drawing the other after it. The  
boy who was with the team kept their heads  
above water till help could arrive, but it was  
nearly four hours before they could be extri-  
cated.

Carson City Record: A singular escape is  
reported from one of the lumber camps, some  
distance north of this place. The men had  
for some time past built their camp fire at the  
foot of a dry stub, and the other day a man  
stood with his back to the fire, the stub  
fell, burying him beneath it, nothing being  
visible of him but a small portion of his coat.  
The men who were with him at the time, sup-  
posedly on rolling the log off from the stump,  
and that if nothing further happened to  
the buds there would be a fair crop. The  
Crawfords had sustained an injury to about  
two-thirds of the buds, but several other  
varieties were but little affected.

Ann Arbor Courier: At the Horticultural  
society meeting in the court house on New  
Year's day, several members brought twigs  
of peaches of different varieties to be exam-  
ined by experts. It was found that the  
port which had gained considerable credence  
that the buds were all killed was erroneous,  
and that several varieties were yet but little  
injured, and that if nothing further hap-  
pened to the buds there would be a fair crop.

The Crawford had sustained an injury to about  
two-thirds of the buds, but several other  
varieties were but little affected.

General News.  
The ice crop has been excellent in every  
way.  
Eugene Hale has a walk over for the Maine  
senatorship.

The decrease of the public debt since  
June, 1880, is \$42,500,550.

The building of the Central railroad in  
Michigan now employs the 7,040 workmen.

Burglars secured about \$1,000 by cracking  
Jeremiah Murphy's safe, at St. Louis, Mo.

Jim Keene, the speculator, will rebuild his  
burned summer place at Newport, R. I.

The message of Gov. Jarvis, of North  
Carolina, favors prohibitory liquor legisla-  
tion.

A double track is soon to be laid over the  
important sections of the Grand Trunk  
Railway.

There was ice eight inches thick on the  
Rappahannock River last week, near Fred-  
ricksburg.

John M. Polk, of Vincennes, Ind., in-  
commenced suit last week on account of finan-  
cial troubles.

A new line of freight steamers has been  
formed to ply between New York and New-  
castle-on-Tyne.

Mr. Brown, who recently killed his husband  
at Indianapolis, has been sentenced to im-  
prisonment for life.

Fowler, Crampton & Co., of New York,  
have suspended. The liabilities are given at  
\$50,000, with heavy assets.

D. G. Croly predicts a financial panic be-  
fore the close of 1881. He is the man who  
accurately predicted the panic of 1873.

Major Iges captured 300 Uncompagne Indians  
last week, with their arms, etc. A consid-  
erable number got away after a hard chase.

The publisher of "Truth" announces that  
the celebrated Chinese letter of which Gen.  
Garfield was asserted to be the author, was a  
forgery.

Toledo brags over her trade and commerce  
in 1880. Wheat receipts, 35,733,291 bushels,  
bushels of grain taken out by vessels, 22,842,  
312.

The commission firm of Ray & McLaughry,  
of Chicago, who suspended a short time ago,  
have paid their liabilities in full, and resumed  
business again.

The United States Electric Lighting Com-  
pany will have 2,000 lamps in operation in  
New York by February 1, at prices lower  
than gas.

Eight fish botmen were frozen to death  
while drunk and making a reckless voyage on  
a terribly cold night last week near Port  
Royal, S. C.

Frank N. Brown, a young man of 21, was  
shot dead by his father last week at Williams-  
burg, N. Y. The young man tried to prevent  
his father, a police officer, from beating his  
mother.

At Coalville, near Port Scott, Kas., Wednes-  
day, Miss Davis' clothes took fire. Her  
mother's clothes took fire, and the flames re-  
gush the flames, and both were fatally  
burned.

The stock of N. B. Harwood, of Minneapo-  
lis, Minn., were sold Tuesday last. They  
realized a little over \$300,000 and leaves about  
\$400,000 in liabilities to be divided among his  
creditors.

Gov. Long, of Massachusetts, in his mes-  
sage to the legislature, urges a thorough en-  
forcement of the liquor laws, and that women  
holding property be given the rights of sur-  
frage.

A locomotive broke through the ice bridge  
over the St. Lawrence at Quebec, last week,  
and sunk in 35 feet of water. The engineer  
and fireman heard the ice crack, and jumped  
off in time.

The New York Chamber of Commerce on  
railroad transportation approves the Reagen  
bill regulating inter-state commerce, and ad-  
vocates the appointment of a national rail-  
road commission.

The Sioux are sorry to have Secretary  
Seward retire from the Indian department.  
Perhaps they will elect him chief of the de-  
partment, a name that will take two lines of a  
newspaper to hold it.

On Wednesday afternoon Matthew Scheuler  
had occasion to go into the oil tank at Brad-  
ford, Pa., to make some repairs. He was  
asphyxiated by the gas arising from the pe-  
troleum and was found lying dead in the bot-  
tom of the tank.

In the status just erected to Gen. Kearney  
the figure is life-size and made of green  
bronze. The hero is represented as going  
to the action, the armless soldier of his coat  
pinned across his breast and his right hand  
grasping his sword.

Miss Bertie Lefford died on New Year's day  
in Baltimore, Md., but no signs of decomposi-  
tion have yet appeared. The remains have  
been placed in a vault, with the coffin laid  
loose, and instructions given to the sexton  
to watch it closely.

The Dixon Graphite Co., of Jersey City,  
has suspended. The assets and liabilities  
are said to be about even, amounting to \$1-  
000,000. The suspension is thought to be  
only temporary and that all the creditors will  
eventually be paid in full.

In Chicago last week a meeting of the  
Academy of Physicians was held to discuss  
the prevalence of diphtheritic complaints.  
It was stated as a fact that the ravages of this  
disease are much larger than reported in the  
press, and is on the increase.

General Nathan Goff, a citizen of Western  
Virginia, and a colonel of the Third Virginia  
Infantry during the late war, has been ap-  
pointed and confirmed as Secretary of the  
Navy. He was a strong Union man, and  
rose to the rank of Brigadier General for  
meritorious services.

On Thursday night last two boilers ex-  
ploded in the melting works and refinery of  
Baldback & Sons, Newark, N. J. Four men  
were killed and three others severely injured.  
Four horses were killed, and damage to the  
amount of \$20,000 done. No theory as to the  
cause of the explosion is yet advanced.

A boiler explosion occurred in the rolling-  
mill at Allentown, N. J., on Thursday last,  
and nine persons were instantly killed and  
four have since died. Two more are in a  
very precarious condition. An investigation  
shows that the boiler had been leaking, and  
experts say that a current of cold air coming  
through those leaks caused the explosion.

Senator T. W. Ferry, of this state, has in-  
troduced a bill in the senate providing for  
seven new additional life-saving stations on  
Long Island Sound, and Michigan, and twenty-  
eight additional stations on the Atlantic  
coast. The bill also fixes salaries of Super-  
intendents of various stations at sum-  
marily from \$1,800 to \$2,500, provides for  
warding members of the service for gallant  
and meritorious services, and for pensioning  
the widows and orphans of members who  
lose their own lives in trying to save the  
lives of others.

Foreign.  
The German police have discovered a new  
secret organization of socialists extending all  
over the country.

The bark John Littleton, from Hamburg  
for Philadelphia, sank Thursday in a col-  
lision. Six of the crew were drowned.

A steamer was wrecked on the Goodwin  
Sands, a dangerous shoal off the coast of Ken-  
tucky, and all on board were lost. The  
name of the vessel has not been ascertained.

The Queen, in her speech at the opening  
of Parliament, said that it had been found  
impossible to execute the laws in Ireland at  
present, but that the matter in the hands of  
Parliament to deal with.

Greece is said to be very anxious for an op-  
portunity to attack Turkey, but is held back  
by the other European powers. It is prob-  
ably because she held back that she is so  
anxious. If she got orders to pitch in she  
would very probably think better of it and  
keep very still.

The English steamer Harrela, from Paler-  
mo for London, came into collision with the  
Spanish steamer Leon, from Liverpool for  
Manilla, off the Portuguese coast, recently.  
Both vessels were sunk. Nine English  
men and fourteen Spaniards were saved, but  
many were lost.

The situation in Ireland is still the great  
topic of interest in the foreign dispatches.  
The National League is to call a convention  
at Dublin. A man named Collins has been  
murdered in the city. The resources near Far-  
town in the county of Louth. No arrests  
were made. One of the men bayoneted by  
the soldiers at the Glenmorris riot has since  
died.

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FOCUS ON A CITY

Where the awful ghastright falls  
On her father's massive walls;  
On the chill and silent street  
Where the light and shadows meet;  
There the lady's voice was heard,  
As the breath of night was stirred  
With her tones so sweet as a daisy,  
Wasting up to God that way:  
"O Ages, Ages, cleave for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee!"

Wandering, homeless, thro' the night,  
Twining for the morning light,  
Pale and haggard, wan and weak,  
With sunken eye and hollow cheek,  
Went a woman, one whose life  
Had been wrecked in sin and strife;  
One, a lost and only child,  
One by sin and shame defiled;  
And her heart, with sorrow wrung,  
Heard the light when she sang:  
"O Ages, Ages, cleave for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee!"

Panning, low her head she bent,  
And the music as it went  
Pierced her blacken'd soul, and brought  
Back to her (as lost in thought  
Tremblingly she stood) the past,  
And the burning tears fell fast,  
As she called to mind the days  
When she walked in virtue's ways;  
When the song that every song  
With the music of sin or prayer,  
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee!"  
On the marble steps she knelt,  
And her soul that moment felt  
More than she could speak, as there  
Quivering, moved her lips in prayer;  
And the God she had forgot  
Smiled upon her lonely lot—  
Heard her as she murmured oft,  
With an sweet accent and soft,  
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee!"

Little knew the lady fair,  
As she sang in silence there,  
That her voice had pierced a soul  
That hath lived 'neath sin's control!  
Little knew when she had done,  
That a lost and erring one  
Heard her—as she breathed that strain—  
And returned to God again!

—F. L. Stanton

**THE OLDEST CHRISTMAS HYMN.**

[In Book III. of Clement of Alexandria is given in Greek) the most ancient hymn of the Primitive Church. It is there (one hundred and fifty years after the apostles) asserted to be of much earlier origin. The following version will give some imperfect idea of its spirit.]

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Shepherd of tender youth,  
Guiding in love and truth,  
Through devious ways;  
Christ, our triumphant King!  
We come thy name to sing,  
And here our children bring  
To shout thy praise.

Thou art our holy Lord!  
The a-subduing Word,  
Healer of strife!  
Thou did'st thyself abase!  
That from sin's deep disgrace  
Thou mightest save our race  
And give us life.

Thou art wisdom's High Priest!  
Thou hast prepared the feast  
Of holy love,  
And in our mortal pain  
None calls on thee in vain,  
Help from above.

Ever be thou our Guide,  
Our Shepherd and our pride  
Our staff and song,  
Jesus, thou Christ of God!  
By the perennial word,  
Lead us where thou hast trod,  
Make our faith strong.

So now, and till we die,  
Sound we thy praise on high,  
And joyful sing.  
Infants, and the glad throng,  
Who to thy Church belong,  
Unite and swell the song  
To Christ our King.

Miscellaneous.

Q. 11

## HERMANN HUBER

It is a wild winter afternoon, and wind is roaring fiercely through the trees that are swaying to and fro and casting their dark fitful shadows on the ground beneath. The dead leaves are whirling round and round in wild disorder, and the waving grass shines like silver blades each fresh gust sweeps across it. The air seems full of suppressed violence, the graystone towers of Hedley Hall stand out light and graceful against the dark lowering clouds that have spread over the heavens, depriving the earth of even its usual short period of winter twilight.

But the gloominess without only served to heighten the contrast of a warm hand-  
someness, which, though it cost her  
thoughtful, self-merriment some general  
all handsome girl is kneeling on the  
ing, amusing her companions with epigram-  
ing sallies and witty rejoinders to her sev-  
admirers who keep playing her with  
compliments and pretty speeches. Her face  
tongue, and her hair, which has the  
brunze-gold hair gleams in the wondrous  
tint; but her eyes are soft and dreamy  
and her lips sweet and sensitive, softened  
her clear cold outline of her perfect feature  
She is the only child and heiress of  
a noble and rich man, and has been  
much of all her life. Her graceful freedom  
of carriage and the queenly bearing of  
small well-shaped head have earned for her  
the false reputation of haughtiness a  
ride.

"I was looking at her, I confess; but

was prompted by curiosity, not admiration," he returns.

"Be wary, then, lest the former lead to the latter. Many a sailor would have been saved had not curiosity impelled him to drift closer to the siren voices that lured him on. Sydney Hope is a lovely girl, and will be a treasure to the man who wins her but not by force."

"It is no case of winning," breaks in Colonel Vere sternly; "a few would care to woo so well-known a flirt!"

A silence having fallen over the group bearing the fire, these words rang out, with the effect, as if himself seems frightened at the sound of his own voice, and waits, with a nervousness of which he has not deemed himself capable, for the issue of his remark. Claude Meredith gives a low whistle, and, with a slight gesture of discomfiture, turns from the reply.

Although there must be thousands in the world answering to the same description, there seems to be no doubt felt by any as to who is meant, for all eyes are turned inquiringly on Sydney to see what she will say. But she, herself, crimson tide floods her face and throat, and with a little gasp of pain she catches her breath; but the next moment she recovers herself, and cries gaily—

"What are you two plotting over there? In the first place you look like a couple of conspirators. Come here and be sociable, confess your treason, and be absolved."

Colonel Vere comes forward hastily, and with a strange new humility bends low before her.

"Your treason does not deserve to be forgiven," he says remorsefully.

"True," she returns lightly—"the treachery of a friend, for instance; but the treasonable words of a stranger may be treated with indifference."

"But, colonel, stranger, not always a traitor, I trust?"

"I do not know; people are so different. For myself, I dislike new friends," she answers carelessly, and then adds politely, "Won't you have some tea, Colonel Vere? We have left you a cup."

"No, thank you! I am no tea-drinker, and says as much as he retires to his window again, considerably chaffesthalian.

"By George, Vere, you put your foot in it then!" says young Meredith dryly. "And the daughter of your host too!" is the impatient reply.

Colonel Vere is not a man easily moved either to tenderness or regret, the casual observer would say, looking at his bronzed face and rather hard features; but the dark gray eyes can lighten wonderfully at times, and when they are so, the gray hairs and other signs of approaching age that are already clearly discernible. Having some slight acquaintance with Mr. Hope, he has come down at his invitation to spend a few weeks at Hedley Hall, meeting for the first time a friend whose name he has heard of a great beauty and incorrigible flirt has already reached his ears. As he watches her, he is almost afraid in his own heart that he has been unwise to come within so dangerous an influence; but, even as he admits this, he hardens himself against her. When he looks at other men, his manner is stiff and repelling, and the few words he speaks are uttered in a quiet disdainful tone that Sydney Hope finds infinitely galling.

Presently the dressing-bell rings, and the guests depart.

"I hate that man!" says Sydney passionately, as she chooses a friend and confidant Maud Terry, as, ready dressed for dinner, they still linger upstairs.

"But he looks so nice, so distinguished," demurs gentle Maud, who has always something to say in defence of the absent, be they ever so obnoxious.

"You are not right, foot impatiently, and turns away to the glass to re-arrange a refractory flower. As she gazes at the bright face reflected in the mirror her expression changes, and she wheels round quickly.

"Maud," she says impressively, "do you know what I have been thinking of something. Papa said some weeks ago that I ought to think of marrying; and now he has asked all these people, and there is not one ineligible *pari* amongst them. There are Lord Mure, Claude Meredith, Colonel Vere—"

"Colonel Vere said," breaks in Maud innocently, and then stops, abashed.

"Do you think I do not know what he said? Every one heard it!" cried Sydney excitedly. "But that is no reason why he should not change his mind. The flirting does not mean anything. He has won so many an admirer; let me see if it cannot win me a husband now, and that husband Colonel Maxwell Vere!"

For one who has so determinedly made up her mind to charm, Sydney Hope's conduct is not very brilliant. She has been dead. All through the dinner she is silent, save that now and then she gives utterance to some absurd commonplace that brings a slightly scornful light to Colonel Vere's dark observant eyes.

Lord Mure, a slight effeminate-looking man with blue eyes and a weak characterless mouth, is seated next to her; and her father looks up sharply several times as she smiles rapidly in sole answer to his polite empty little speeches.

But dinner is over at last, and the ladies withdraw to the drawing-room, Sydney taking a piece of crochet-work from her pocket and commencing to work at it with most unusual industry, while the others gather round the piano, or stroll round the room, examining the numberless costly knick-knacks that lie scattered about.

Presently the gentlemen follow, and Sydney flushes crimson as Colonel Vere comes straight across the room and takes the seat next to her. But she bends over her work and counts the stitches aloud in a clear composed voice.

"Are you quite absorbed in your work, Miss Vere?"

"One, two, three, four, five. I beg your pardon, Colonel Vere; what were you saying?"

"Nothing worth repeating," he returns, biting his lip angrily.

She makes no reply, and with provoking composure goes on drawing-room, Sydney taking a piece of crochet-work from her pocket and commencing to work at it with most unusual industry, while the others gather round the piano, or stroll round the room, examining the numberless costly knick-knacks that lie scattered about.

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time Lord Mure takes Colonel Vere to the theatre, that bewildered officer having retired to think over affairs.

"And so that is the girl that 'men are going about,'" he says to himself—"a girl with nothing to recommend her but her reckless loveliness! She is not catching at a role but that of a spoilt beauty and a coquette. And then her absurd mistake! 'Sancho Panza! O tempora! O mores!' Compulsory education would be a boon indeed to the girls of the present age." And he looks at Lord Mure, having laid aside for a moment, Claude Meredith's views over to Sidney.

"Do you remember Brutus feigning cowardice?" he asks in a low tone.

"Yes; why?" she answers, laughing up at him.

"I don't know; but I have been thinking it all the evening. He had a motive; and it is yours?"

"Hush!" she cries softly, looking round nervously. "Perhaps I will tell you some day; but at present say nothing. Will you?"

"Of course I will," he answers heartily.

"When Sydney reaches her room she looks down upon a low chair and laughs so merrily that Maud joins in against her will. "I don't know," she says, "but I am sure it is at length; 'but you will never see' in Colonel Vere is but a way. He may not approve of flirts; but no one likes a nonentity; and, oh, that perfect song!"

"My dear, you don't understand. He puts it down to envy; my well-known friends and I are to fulfil his expectation; that would be all. Now he will be curious to discover wherein lies my attraction."

"And some day you will let him find out?"

"Exactly, my wise little friend," said Sydney, smiling brightly.

"And the croquet?"

"I borrowed it from one of the householders. To-morrow I intend to hem dusters and handkerchiefs all day long."

And then the conversation turns to less important matters, and nothing is said, "good night," is said, and the two girls separate.

The next morning is dull and rainy, and there is a general doubt as to what is to be amusement of the day. Sydney, attired in a prim-looking morning dress of Quaker-blue, has already commenced the threatening rain, and Lord Mure is holding his work-basket meekly beside her.

"What's to be done, and who's to do it?" says Maud Terry lazily, joining them as they are speaking.

"Reading, driving, and skating being out of the question, and nothing left except theatricals," declares Claude Meredith, who has followed her.

"As every one agrees to this, all, except Lord Mure and Lord Mure, go off to hunt up a play and arrange the cast of characters. An hour afterwards, Maud's a picture and her hair is all settled now, Miss Hope," he says, leaning over a chair close to her, and his companion, and looking rather triumphantly into her face.

"Is it?" she answers indifferently.

"And you and I are to be lovers true," he says, looking at her with a fervent gaze.

"Heaven forbid!" cries Sydney deviously.

"We shall have to practice; there are to be lots of rehearsals," he goes on, smiling, boldened by the laughing light in her eyes.

"An over-practised thing is always a trifle," remarks Sydney coldly.

"And what am I to be?" inquires Lord Mure.

"Colonel Vere looks at him curiously, and then strange mock smile flows round his lips.

"My rival," he answers curtly.

"Ah, yes, exactly!" stammers Lord Mure easily.

Sydney goes on working steadily, taking no notice of anything that is said; and presently she has a grand success. Sydney has to study their several parts.

Several days pass with very little excitement; the weather is still unpropitious, and most of the time is spent in studying and rehearsing for the theatricals, which produce a grand success. Sydney has been on very aggravating, reading her part in the book in a dull wearisome monotony, and, apparently taking no interest whatever in the costumes she is to wear, in the different scenes.

One evening, as Colonel Vere enters the library, he hears several of her admirers gathered round her, admiring, in what seem to him very exaggerated terms, a picture she is painting.

"May I see what you are doing?" he asks.

Sydney closes her book with a vicious snap.

"It is nothing much," she says hastily.

"But let me see it," he persists.

Sydney's eyes sparkle mischievously, and a roguish little dimple is lurking round her mouth. "Maud's a picture and her hair is all settled now, Miss Hope," he says, leaning over a chair close to her, and his companion, and looking rather triumphantly into her face.

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## HOW PROTECTION HAS WORKED.

Mr. Thomas H. Dudley has written a pamphlet in reply to the one sent out some time since by Mr. Augustus Mongredien, and addressed to the Western Farmers of America. Mr. Dudley replies directly to Mr. Mongredien, and from what he says we take the following:

"A stranger in reading your book would naturally think we were in a deplorable condition, and fast going to ruin. You ought to have drawn a corresponding picture of England, so that we could have displayed them side by side, and compared one with the other—the United States going to destruction and ruin under its odious tariff system, and England prospering and flourishing under your so-called free-trade. As you have failed to do it, you will pardon me if I make the attempt. For more than ten years you have been living under your so-called free trade system, and for more than ten years we have been living under our present tariff system. We, therefore, have a fair and square test of the workings of both systems for ten years and longer, but we will confine our comparison to the last ten years. We have seen that during this period the balance of trade has been against you every year. In 1870 it was over two hundred and fifty-four millions of dollars (\$254,000,000), and in 1879 it had grown to over five hundred and forty-seven millions of dollars (\$547,000,000), and for the whole ten years the total amount reaches the enormous sum of four billion one hundred and sixty-four million six hundred and eighteen thousand seven hundred and sixty-one dollars (\$4,161,618,761.) That is, your people have had to buy from the people of other nations this much more than you have sold to them. How has it been with the United States, with her trade, during this period? In the year 1879 the accounts stand thus: Our exports, \$710,439,441; our imports, \$446,777,775; excess of exports over imports, \$264,661,666. And for the last ten years our excess of exports over our imports, \$329,921,533. The balance of trade to this extent has been in our favor. In other words, we have sold this much more than we have had to buy from foreign countries. After paying for everything we have purchased abroad, we have left this amount of surplus, (sides all of our income; none of which has been used in purchasing foreign commodities. To this extent, then, we have accumulated and increased our resources." We have seen what you lost (during the same period.

Now, if there were two individuals doing business, the one taking in more than he was paying out, and the other paying out more than he was receiving, which would you say was doing the most prosperous business? As between individuals, we would say that the one who was accumulating was growing rich, while the other who was losing would be growing poor. Suppose we apply this principle to the dealings between the people of the United States and the people of England. If we do, which nation has been the most prosperous or successful—England with her so-called free trade, or the United States, with her protective system? Let us have the matter still further. Prosperity in individuals generally shows itself, and, as individuals make what we call a nation, let us see which gives the most evidence of prosperity, England or the United States, during the past ten years. We, on our part, have paid off during this period, over five hundred millions of dollars of our national debt, and besides other improvements in houses, factories, public buildings, etc., have built and equipped and put into operation 39,653 miles of railroad, at an expense of over one billion four hundred millions of dollars, costing more than twice as much as all the vessels that you have afloat in your mercantile navy, and carrying ten times the merchandise, and worth to us in our inland commerce, and in developing our country and its resources, a hundred times more than all the navies in the world would be, if we owned them; and, during this period, we have increased in population and material wealth more than any nation on the earth, and to day, in intelligence, and in everything that is embraced in the term civilization, and that goes to constitute national greatness, stand second to none, and in the progress we have made are without an equal in history. So much for the abominable tariff which you and your people hate so much. Do you not think we can stand this ruin a little while longer? During the last ten years I find you built about 3,300 miles of railroad, not quite half as many as were built in the United States during the last year. Will you tell us how much of your national debt you paid? What has been your increase in population and wealth? What progress have you made in civilization and intelligence? Some, I hope. I leave you to give the figures."

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**THAT FISHERY AWARD.**

**The Officials of the Dominion Fishery Returns so as to Swindle the United States.**

A very vigorous fight is taking place among our Canadian neighbors over the recent award in the Halifax Fishery Commission case, in which it is now perfectly plain to everybody that this country was swindled out of \$6,000,000 by deliberate falsification of statistics, and downright perjury. It seems that the documents of the Commission were placed in the hands of Prof. Hind, of Nova Scotia, for analysis and indexing, and he discovered that some of the figures were forgeries. When the Professor, who seems to be an honorable man, became satisfied from the proofs before him that these frauds had been perpetrated, he sought to lay them before the Canadian Premier, but was snubbed. He next attempted to lay them before Lord Salisbury, and was again snubbed, and told that the American statistics were just as bad as the English, and that the American representatives in the Commission would have discovered the forgeries if there had been any. In his last letter to the Governor-General, Prof. Hind briefly, but very emphatically answers these two points, replying to the first that he did not find any falsifications in the United States

cial statistic, but that he did not

the fish statistics, and that it was his duty to point them out to the authorities; and the second that the artifices covered by the secret appendix were so skillfully worked out that it was impossible for Americans to detect the frauds without going through the details of some eighty volumes of trade and navigation returns, covering twenty-six years, and even then, without the aid of the secret appendix, they could never be able to find out the most important frauds, such, for instance, as the transformation of land animals into marine products, in the trade and navigation returns.

Professor Hind follows this statement with the reason why the American Commission could not discover the forgeries and falsification of figures with another that led to make every decent Canadian hang his head with shame. He says:

"When Americans dealt with persons specially named by her gracious Majesty the Queen for the express purpose of friendly contention with them, they assumed that they were dealing with gentlemen on an equal basis. The dishonest dealing as to falsified fish-catch statistics."

In his closing letter to the Governor-General, Prof. Hind requests that he be officially summoned by the Minister of Marine and Fisheries "to make good his statements and to point out additional frauds to which no allusion has yet been made," indicating that the swindle is even more virulent than the charges mentioned above would go to show. As the Canadian Premier appears to be afraid to say anything in reply, it is pretty safe to conclude that at the statements of Prof. Hind cannot be controverted. It therefore becomes the duty of the United States to inquire into and ascertain the exact facts, and if they are out on the charges of Prof. Hind against the Canadian officials, a demand should be made upon that government for a return of the sum they have, by means of forged and perjured, drawn from our treasury. There should be no shuffling about this, and a demand made for a return of the money stolen.

### The Irish Land League.

The history of the Irish organization which now defiantly confronts the British Government, is but a brief one. The movement which has terminated in the Land League and its offshoot government of peasants, commenced in 1878. For several years prior to that year there had been a succession of short crops, and when the harvest again failed in 1878, the poorer classes of the tenantry, finding themselves unable to cope with their landlords, began to demand a reduction of rents to enable them to cover the threatened crisis. The landlords, largely sympathized with them, and landlords of their rents remitted large percentages of their rental. The concessions made by the landlords, at the same time, were applauded and gratefully received.

There were those, however, who saw that the time was favorable for the establishment of a coercive policy, and among them Michael Davitt, now so well-known in connection with the Land League operations. In the month of April 1879, at the annual peasantry of county Mayo at Irishstown, it was from this started the agitation which Parnell, Davitt and others have fanned, and which has been extended by means of the Land League over Ireland. In August, 1879, the Hibernian and the Hibernian, the first of the organization, the annexed resolution is passed: "That the objects of the League are best attained by promoting organizations among tenant farmers, by defending every man who may be threatened with eviction from his land, by paying rent, by facilitating the working of the Brixton clauses of the act during the winter, and by obtaining such reforms in the law relating to land as will enable every tenant to become the owner of his holding by paying a fair rent for a limited number of years."

Although the League received no support from the Irish press, it has not been without the means, pecuniary or otherwise, to push forward its work, and now covers the land with its branches. Within the present year a new principle of agitation has been adopted, and the League, by means of which has been to give the movement a more decided character. This principle, so called, is the social communication, better known as "Boycotting," of any man who enters upon a farm from a tenant's land, and who, by refusing to pay rent, and a refusal to work in the capacity for a landlord. Such, in brief, is the history of the Irish Land League. The organization is virtually in possession of Ireland, and its leaders rule the masses as an iron hand. They have rendered the legally established courts a nullity, and have a government which usurps the functions of a regularly constituted authority, enforced strict obedience from the people, and this has been accomplished through the agency of an ostracism quite as terrible to the people as death.

The League to take one additional step to plunge Ireland into a revolutionary conflict with British government.

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DR. CHARLES LYMAN, a veterinary surgeon sent by Commissioner Le Duc to Ireland, to examine into the causes which led to the embargo on the importation of American cattle, has made public report. It is not quite settled whether the animals condemned in England—out of the 11,000 examined in England—six have been condemned—are affected with pleuro-pneumonia or bronchitis. Six animals condemned in Liverpool were traced to a place west of Buffalo, and of them passed through Canada on the way to the seaboard. Prof. Lyman advises Congress to adopt stringent laws to check the spread of the disease, while not to maintain that the disease exists. He estimates the loss to American cattle dealers through the English restrictions at \$2,250,000, and intimates that Eastern men suffer from it.

It is scarcely a person to be found who would not be greatly benefited by a thorough use of Kidney-Wort every spring. If you do not prepare the dry drug by the Liquid. It has a magic effect.—*Pulldition*.

\_\_\_\_\_

I said, when a liddle o'ten, as I  
"The way is sae rocky and steep,  
"Thy wae is mae; I  
Just leave me, and gang on your  
no likelly to mis.  
Then my feyther stooped down  
"Keep a tender bit kiss,  
"Wha? Donald," he said, "be  
mind o' the words that I s  
"A strong, stout heart and a st  
the steepest brae."  
"It lains the steepness," I said,  
"wearfu' lang."  
"Tut! tut! if your heart gies the  
will just ha' to gang.  
Thick, Donald o'mither and like  
up for your life;  
Step out to thesag yon ham be  
bonnet o' Fife!"  
Sling, lad, though yon sing throu  
keep safe at o'er the words that  
A strong stout heart and a sturdy  
lanest way.  
Then I said to my heart, "Gie  
ing, I walked o' ran;  
My feyther stepped, laughin, be  
ed me "his bonnie brae m  
And see, as the storm-clouds  
"Keep a tender bit kiss,  
And feyther sat watching the s  
cuddled close to his eld  
"Donald," he said, "my dea  
wherever yon stray,  
Keep mind—a strong heart and a  
o'er the steepest brae."  
Now far from the bonnie Sco  
travelled full many a mile.  
Yet always, in trouble or fre  
hills o'Argyle.  
"Heart, gie the order for  
say, the odd ' Bonnets o' F  
And then I set dourly and bravel  
mountains o' life,  
For the might o' my feyther is  
said, "I hear him say,  
"Keep mind—a strong heart and  
o'er the steepest brae."  
—Harper

### COWS TEETH

#### Ignorance Stalking Through

A couple of Third Ward  
each other on the sidewalk  
morning as they were stat  
places of business, and one  
who resides on Van Buren s  
other, a Jackson-street m  
any front teeth on their up  
Jackson-street man was a l  
at the question, as there ha  
said about cows, but replie  
"Why, of course they he  
on their upper jaw; how c  
off grass if they hadn't?"  
The Van Buren-street w  
was not a question of  
question of fact; and if  
street man did not know  
had front teeth on the upp  
he ought to say so. "I di  
for your opinion," he said  
you knew."

The Jackson-street man  
tled at this, and replied wi  
He said if he had a child t  
who would ask such a qu  
he should be afraid the chi  
"You would?"  
"I certainly should."  
"Then," said the Van B  
"as it is said a simple que  
you can tell me whether  
front teeth on their upper  
they have not."

"Why, of course they h  
"They have, eh?"  
"Yes."  
"I'll bet you \$10 they he  
Van Buren-street citizen, p  
of bills, and peeling off a  
and shaking them at his n  
up or shut up."

"There is some infernal  
thing," said the other st  
might have known it, too,  
asked me such an infernal  
thing."

"No catch at all about  
other, "if cows have got  
their upper jaws the \$10 is  
haven't, the money is  
could be fairer than that  
But still the Jackson-st  
ed. It was barely possibl  
not have any front teeth  
jaws. He remembered, the  
biting off grass always t  
outward, while a horse n  
jerking his nose inward. H  
at how near he had come t  
tized, but he did not like  
The two were then near th  
the corner of Jackson  
gan streets, and the othe  
man was sure that a butch  
for certain whether or not  
teeth on their upper jaws  
open the door and said to  
"Linehan, have cows go  
their upper jaws?"

Linehan was running a  
roast of beef, but he stopp  
in astonishment; and said,  
"Have cows got front t  
per jaws?"

"Cows?"  
"Yes!"  
"Got front teeth on the  
"Yes."  
"Upon my word I don'  
"You don't know!"  
"No. You see I buy n  
quarter at the slaughter h  
have anything to do with  
I can find out for you wh  
"I wish you would."

So the Jackson-street  
door, and rejoined his ne  
two walked along without  
A milk wagon was res  
street, and it was resol  
driver and asked him the  
popularly supposed that m  
or less familiar with cow  
Buren-street citizen cleare  
yelled, "Hello!" The  
up, and said:  
"Go ahead with your t  
any water or chalk in th  
you the whole of it."

The citizens told him th  
had no intention of testin  
only wanted to know if  
teeth on their upper jaws.  
The milkman looked a  
minute, and then whippe  
and drove off, mentionin  
fool that they were. Up



## OVER THE HILLS O' ARGYLE.

I said, when a liddle o'ten, as I gae'd o' the hills o' Argyle,  
 "The way is sae rocky and steep, I am weary this mornin' mair;  
 Just leave me, and gang on yoursel'; the road I'm  
 no' likely to be a liddle better."  
 Then my feyther stooped down wi' a laugh, and  
 gied me a tender bit kiss.  
 "Why, Donald," he said, "be a man, and keep  
 mind o' the words that I say,  
 A strong, stout heart and a sturdy step gang o'er  
 the steepest brae."  
 "It isn't the steepness," I said, "but the way is sae  
 wastin' lang."  
 "Tut! tut! if your heart gies the order, your body  
 will just hae to gang."  
 Then, Donald, I said, "Gie the order." Sing-  
 ing, I walked o' the hill;  
 My feyther stepped, laughing, beside me, and call-  
 ed me "his bonnie brave man."  
 And, eae, the storm-clouds had gathered, we  
 were safe at our ain fireside,  
 And feyther sat watching the snow-drifts, wi' me  
 cuddled close to his side.  
 "Donald," he said, "my dear laddie, no matter  
 wherever you stray,  
 Keep mind—a strong heart and a sturdy step gang  
 o'er the steepest brae."  
 Now far from the bonnie Scotch Highlands, I've  
 travelled far mair a mile.  
 Yet, always, in trouble or sorrow, I think o'er the  
 hills o' Argyle.  
 Say, "Heart, gie the order for marchin'!" strike  
 up the old "Bonnets o' Fife."  
 And then I set out bravely and bravely my face to the  
 mountains o' life.  
 For the thought o' my feyther is wi' me; and "Don-  
 ald," I hear him say,  
 "Keep mind—a strong heart and a sturdy step gang  
 o'er the steepest brae."  
 —Harper's Young People.

## COW'S TEETH.

## Ignorance Stalking Through the Land.

A couple of Third Ward citizens met  
 each other on the sidewalk last Monday  
 morning as they were starting for their  
 places of business, and one of them, a man  
 who resides on Van Buren street, asked the  
 other, a Jackson-street man, if cows had  
 any front teeth on their upper jaw.

The Jackson-street man was a little astounded  
 at the question, as there had been nothing  
 said about cows, but replied promptly.

"Why, of course they have front teeth  
 on their upper jaw; how could they bite  
 off grass if they hadn't?"

The Van Buren-street man said it  
 was not a question of logic, but a  
 question of fact; and if the Jackson-  
 street man did not know whether cows  
 had front teeth on the upper jaw or not,  
 he ought to say so. "I did not ask you  
 for your opinion," he said, "I asked if  
 you knew."

The Jackson-street man was a little net-  
 tled at this, and replied with some warmth.  
 He said if he had a child three years old  
 who would ask such a question as that,  
 he should be afraid the child was an idiot.

"You would?"

"I certainly should."

"Then," said the Van Buren-street man  
 "as it is such a simple question, of course  
 you can tell me whether cows have got  
 front teeth on their upper jaws or whether  
 they have not."

"Why, of course they have."

"They have, eh?"

"Yes."

"I'll bet you \$10 they haven't," said the  
 Van Buren-street citizen, pulling out a roll  
 of bills, and peeling off a couple of fives  
 and shaking them at his neighbor. "Put  
 up or shut up."

"There is some infernal catch about this  
 thing," said the other suspiciously; "I  
 might have known it, too, the minute you  
 asked me such an infernally idiotic ques-  
 tion."

"No catch at all about it," replied the  
 other, "if cows have got front teeth on  
 their upper jaws the \$10 is yours. If they  
 haven't, the money is mine. Nothing  
 could be fairer than that, could there?"

But still the Jackson-street man hesitat-  
 ed. It was barely possible that cows did  
 not have any front teeth on their upper  
 jaws. He remembered, then, that cows  
 biting off grass always threw their noses  
 outward, while a horse nipped it off by  
 jerking his nose inward. He was astonished  
 at how near he had come to being victim-  
 ized, but he did not like to come down.  
 The two were then near the meat market at  
 the corner of Jackson and Michigan  
 streets, and the Jackson-street man  
 was sure that a butcher would know  
 for certain whether or not cows had front  
 teeth on their upper jaws; so he pushed  
 open the door and said to the proprietor,  
 "Linehan, have cows got front teeth on  
 their upper jaws?"

Linehan was running a skewer through a  
 roast of beef, but he stopped, looking up  
 in astonishment; and said, "What?"

"Have cows got front teeth on their up-  
 per jaws?"

"Cows?"

"Yes?"

"Got front teeth on their upper jaws?"

"Yes."

"Upon my word I don't know?"

"You don't know?"

"No. You see I buy my beef by the  
 quarter at the slaughter house, and don't  
 have anything to do with the heads. But  
 I can find out for you when I go over."

"I wish you would."

So the Jackson-street man closed the  
 door, and rejoined his neighbor, and the  
 two walked along without saying a word.  
 A milk wagon was seen coming up the  
 street, and it was resolved to hail the  
 driver and ask him the question, as it is  
 properly supposed that milkmen are more  
 or less familiar with cows. The Van  
 Buren-street citizen cleared his throat and  
 yelled, "Hello!" The milkman reined  
 up, and said:

"Go ahead with your tests. If you find  
 any water or chalk in that milk I'll give  
 you the whole of it."

The citizens told him to be calm, as they  
 had no intention of testing his milk, but  
 only wanted to know if cows had front  
 teeth on their upper jaws.

The milkman looked at them about a  
 minute, and then whipped up his horses  
 and drove off, mentioning some kind of a  
 fool that they were. Up on Wisconsin

street they saw another milkman, deliver-  
 ing milk, and overtaking him they explain-  
 ed the dispute. He smiled pityingly upon  
 their ignorance, and said:

"Of course cows have front teeth on  
 their upper jaws—a driving idiot ought to  
 know that much. A cow would be a  
 handsome looking object without any  
 front teeth in her upper jaw, wouldn't  
 she?"

"I've concluded to take that bet of  
 yours," said the Jackson-street man to the  
 other. "Come, now, down with your  
 dust. Put up or shut up."

"Why didn't you do it, then, when you  
 had a chance? I never claimed to know  
 whether a cow had front teeth on her up-  
 per jaw or not; I only thought I had read  
 so somewhere, and asked to see if you  
 knew about it for certain. But now that  
 the thing is settled, there is nothing to bet  
 on as I can see."

"O, of course not," said the Jackson  
 street man, sarcastically, "of course not."

Just then Mr. Clark, of the Newhall  
 House happened along, and as the milk-  
 man picked up his lines and drove off, the  
 Van Buren-street man asked Mr. Clark if  
 he knew anything about cows. Mr. Clark  
 said he did, having formerly been a farmer  
 and a cattle buyer.

"Well," said the Van Buren-street man,  
 "do you know I got the queerest idea in  
 my head this morning about cows that a  
 man ever had. Somehow or other I got  
 an idea that cows had no front teeth on  
 their upper jaw; and I actually offered to  
 bet ten dollars with this man that such was  
 the case. I don't see what possessed me."

"Well, if you had bet you would have  
 won the money," said Mr. Clark.

"What?" exclaimed both the citizens to-  
 gether.

"I say if you had bet you would have  
 won the money, for cows have no front  
 teeth on their upper jaws."

"Sweet spirit hear my prayer," said the  
 Van Buren-street citizen, as he brought out  
 his roll, and peeled off the two fives again  
 and shook them at the Jackson-street man,  
 who turned away with a sickly smile and  
 said he could not be always pulling out his  
 money!

Ignorance seems to be stalking through  
 the land like a Kansas grasshopper on  
 stilts.—Puck's Sun.

## A Discriminate Reader.

Under the above heading the *Agricultur-  
 al Gazette* (London) prints the following  
 letter from a correspondent who signs  
 himself "Rustic Noodle," but whose re-  
 flections, though couched in homely  
 phraseology, are yet both "cute" and  
 acute.

"I always read your paper, and I laugh  
 to think sometimes what a many different  
 tales you tell in the course of the year.  
 There is a difference between people up  
 your way and down here. Folk up your  
 way goes in strong for following the wind,  
 blow from where it may. Sometimes you  
 are all for this, and sometimes all for that.  
 A little while ago you were hot and strong  
 for market gardening, and then we poor  
 blind creatures down here were fools, you  
 as good as said, not to do more in that  
 line. Then you dropped that topic, and  
 wired in the week after upon something  
 else; and so you go on rattling away all  
 the year around, never stopping nor look-  
 ing back, and eating more of your own  
 words in a month than we do down here  
 in a lifetime. More than once I have heard  
 you say—write, I mean—"I don't care a  
 toss for consistency; I'm for writing what  
 runs in my head at the time." Down here  
 we weigh our words too much I admit, and  
 when our heads are empty, which is pretty  
 much the case with us, and we have nothing  
 in our knowledge boxes worth writing  
 down, why, then, we don't write anything  
 down. That's the difference between peo-  
 ple up your way and us. There's no of  
 fence, sir, in this, I hope, for I was think-  
 ing of you last night for three hours right  
 off, by the fireside, when they all thought I  
 was only smoking my pipe. And I can  
 say plainly that you are right. Once upon a  
 time a sower went forth to sow, and sow  
 ing, sir, is your business. It is ours to see  
 after the weeding of the crop what comes  
 up. You sow the best you can, that I am  
 sure of. You must go to market for seed,  
 sowing as other folk; and no doubt you lay  
 hold of the best you can find, and select  
 it as we do. If there's tares in what you  
 sow, that ain't your fault. They are  
 there by nature, as we read in Scripture.  
 So, sir, when folks up your way shoots off  
 what runs in their heads at the moment,  
 and there ain't nothing there but maggots  
 at that particular time, folk down here  
 ought not to blame 'em, but to wait with  
 patience for something useful. I can see  
 plainly your business is to keep on sowing.  
 Any dunkey that brays down here can say  
 that you can't put out a public notice say-  
 ing 'nothing to stop this week.' We look  
 for the *Agricultural Gazette* once every  
 seven days, whether or no, and we like the  
 pithy bits better than the long yarns. A  
 heavy cargo is more than we can get rid  
 of at a time. One lecture a week is like  
 Sunday's sermon—as much as most can  
 swallow. At this time of year, when the  
 meetings and shows are on, I can remem-  
 ber some years back thinking it my duty  
 as a subscriber to the paper, to bolt down  
 as much as made me feel as if I had swal-  
 lowed a hay-stack. At this present time  
 I've altered my ideas, and think it my duty  
 to stop short of pursuing every word you  
 may please to indite at a busy season.  
 And so, sir, in conclusion, I take up my  
 pen at this time of the year, towards its  
 close, to thank you for all favors. I owe  
 you, on the whole, many a pound, and  
 whenever I have found you travelling on  
 a road that would have led me astray, I  
 have always had sense enough to see it.  
 "Walker!" I say to myself sometimes, sit-  
 ting by my fireside at night; "that advice  
 were not concocted for our parish."

"When I put on my considering cap and  
 lights up after a hard day's work, I see  
 things like a flash; and then, sir, I can see  
 what your mission is. I can see you are in  
 a coach that will never turn over. It would  
 take me some time to work off what's in  
 my mind at this periodic annual, so I will  
 wind up with this observation, coupled  
 with thanks and compliments of the com-  
 ing season. Head crops, like field crops,  
 require threshing and dressing, and the

press is a patent combined finishing ma-  
 chine, with a Bob's screen fitted to it. I  
 heard a man say that the two greatest liars  
 of the age were Press and Pulpit. That  
 man, sir, was a fool."

## A Broker's Romance.

It is a very touching incident. We  
 heard a Southern editor telling it on an  
 elevated train yesterday, and he was in a  
 great hurry to get home and put it in his  
 paper and make an affidavit that it was  
 true. The scene of the romance opens in  
 a palatial mansion in New York. A lady  
 sits in a parlor filled with the most costly  
 luxuries. Diamonds as big as filberts  
 glitter in her ears. Lace costing \$36 per  
 yard almost hides the color of her dress  
 from sight. A clock costing \$18,000 strikes  
 the hour of 4 P. M. At this moment  
 her husband rushes into the house, pale,  
 haggard, suspenders broken, hat bunged  
 up and his boots all mud.

"Have you—have you caught the epi-  
 zootic?" she gasps as she starts up.

"Oh! wife, we are busted—ruined—  
 gone up—smashed flat as a shingle!" he  
 moaned in reply.

"How?"

"I invested \$75,000 in the Crooked  
 River railroad at 98 and it has declined to  
 41! We could have bought and consolidated  
 it! We must leave this palace and all these  
 luxuries and works of art and take two  
 fourth-story rooms over in Brooklyn."

She laughed merrily and long. Had  
 the sudden news crazed her? He thought  
 it had; but he was green. She left the  
 room for a moment and returned with a  
 pillow-case containing \$200,000 in green-  
 backs.

"Let the Crooked River railroad croak  
 away!" she laughed as she emptied the  
 money at his feet. "You have given me  
 this money during the past five years, a  
 few thousand dollars at a time, to buy  
 little articles of toilet. I had saved it up  
 to get me a pair of stockings for Sunday,  
 but cheerfully laid it over to my good  
 husband to set him on his pins. Take it,  
 my darling, and if you can get a whack at  
 Jay Gould bite him hard, and I'll back you  
 with the \$50,000 I had laid away to send  
 to the heathen on Christmas!"

They embraced. All was joy and peace.  
 —Wall Street Daily News.

## A New Code for Railroads.

A newspaper published down in the  
 coal regions of Pennsylvania suggests a  
 new code of railway rules, from which we  
 make some extracts:

There shall be three classes of trains—  
 first, second, and third—and they shall  
 have right of way in the order named.

The first class shall consist of coal trains  
 only. They shall have the preference  
 over everything else.

The second class includes mail, construc-  
 tion, and mixed trains.

The third class consists of passenger  
 trains—way, accommodation, and express.  
 No passenger train shall have a station  
 until at least five coal trains have passed it.

Trains must run on time when an ex-  
 cursion or the president's special car is on  
 the road. On such occasions all regular  
 lines will be delayed one hour.

No female will be allowed in the mail  
 car.

No smoking cars or water tanks will be  
 allowed on trains which have a parlor car  
 attached. For any of these luxuries the  
 passengers must pay fifty cents.

A lamp upside down on an engine sig-  
 nifies that the fireman is drunk—the  
 smoke stack upside down that the engineer  
 is drunk—and an engine upside down de-  
 notes that a rail was up.

Seven toots of the whistle denotes that  
 there is a calf on the track. The fireman  
 will go out on the pilot and attach two  
 green flags to it's tail. The calf will then  
 run as an extra. If he don't make schedule  
 time call the coroner.

When a baggage-master acts as a con-  
 ductor, he must put on airs—two airs if on  
 a regular train, and three airs if on an ex-  
 tra.

Before leaving the station, the conductor  
 must call out the name of the last station  
 passed, and each passenger must name the  
 place he came from.

On arriving at a station the conductor  
 and engineer will go into the telegraph  
 office and write home to their families.  
 They will stay there until they know their  
 train is behind time. They will then run  
 back to the next station.

Each passenger may ask seven questions  
 of the conductor between each two sta-  
 tions. The conductor must answer these  
 questions civilly, without swearing or  
 looking grieved.

The uniform of conductors shall here-  
 after consist of a seamless sack, the mouth  
 to be strapped around the neck like a mail  
 bag. The conductor shall have his hands  
 tied behind him and wear a gag in his  
 mouth. He shall carry an iron safe on his  
 back, the key of which shall be kept at  
 headquarters. When ten cent fares are  
 paid on the train the passenger  
 shall be charged one dollar. The ten cents  
 may be recovered, but the dollar goes to  
 the conductor or the company, whichever  
 is the smartest.

The passenger must punch his own  
 ticket, and put it in the safe. He shall  
 then tell the conductor where he was born,  
 and where he expects to die when he goes  
 to. If the conductor is sassy he must  
 also be punished.

At the end of every trip the conductor  
 must make a written report of the num-  
 ber of cars, number, color, and age of  
 passengers, together with any accidents,  
 deaths, or births which may have occur-  
 ed.

On arriving at the end of his route the  
 conductor shall be stripped and searched  
 with a toothpick, nail-brush, and fine-  
 comb, to see that he has no tickets conceal-  
 ed about him.

The supervisor must make a daily in-  
 spection of the track. This can usually be  
 done best from the smoking car of a pas-  
 senger train.

Foremen must, before each annual in-  
 spection, have the roads swept, the ends  
 of all the ties sandpapered, the faces of all  
 embankments shaved, and all fences and  
 telegraph poles whitewashed.

For repairing the track, select the time  
 when trains are most due. Stop work

for thirty minutes before and after the  
 arrival of each train. Better sacrifice your  
 own time than the lives of the company's  
 employees.

Foremen must see to the gathering of all  
 perishable crops along the road, such as  
 melons, peaches, etc., Quail, rabbits, etc.,  
 should be attended to in season.

An accurate account must be kept of all  
 oil, waste, cinders, cigar-stumps, and  
 empty bottles gathered on the road-bed,  
 and the foremen shall every year send a  
 report of the same to the supervisor.

## VARIETIES.

HAD DOCUMENTARY EVIDENCE.—Stebbins  
 left his night-gear in his other pants when  
 he went down to headquarters to see how the  
 returns were coming in, and when he reached  
 home at 2 A. M., and spent half an hour ex-  
 perimenting with his button-hook in the key-  
 hole, he concluded he was at the wrong  
 house. Hailing a passing policeman, he in-  
 quired:

"Know Stebbins?—(he) old Zach Stebbins?"

"Oh, yes," answered the policeman, recog-  
 nizing him.

"Know where he lives?"

"Certainly."

"Well, 'fou'll just sh—(he) show where old  
 Zach Stebbins lives?—(he) lives, I—"

"I'll show you where he lives, you good-  
 for-nothing brute," came a voice from the  
 house, when Stebbins dismissed the police-  
 man with:

"Much 'bilge, m' friend—but the dou—(he)  
 doubtful didn't hear from n's good! I'm  
 by a (he) increased majority. Rah! f—"

Stebbins was leaving heavily against the  
 door, when it was suddenly opened by Mrs.  
 Stebbins, and the enthusiastic outburst cut  
 short by his falling headlong into the hall.  
 Mrs. Stebbins used him for a door-mat for  
 about two minutes, and then, in the exuber-  
 ance of her wrath, shouted:

"Zachariah Stebbins, you are an old fool."

"Mizzes Stebbins," said Mr. Stebbins, get-  
 ting on his feet and steadying himself by  
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Pearl St., New York.  
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